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A Spanish Christian Endeavorer

(The Rev. William H. Gulick, in 'Missionary Herald.')

On the night of the 11th of October, I found myself entering Zaragoza, in Spain, on a train of some forty cars drawn by two locomotives, and overflowing with a noisy crowd that soon filled the station. I was told that this was but one of several special trains which, during that and the previous day, had been pouring into Zaragoza thousands of people in anticipation of the great annual festival of the 'Virgin of the pillar,' that commenced on the 12th of the month and lasted for a fortnight. It is said that for many years there had not been such a gathering of pilgrims at the shrine of this most notable of all the 'Virgins of Spain.' And certainly in my many previous visits to Zaragoza, several of which have been at the time of this anniversary, never have I seen the principal streets and centres of the city so densely crowded with people.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE PILLAR AT ZARAGOZA.

But let no one for a moment think that the exclusive or even the principal attraction is the shrine of the Virgin, that rests upon a jasper pillar under the dome of this cathedral which, with one exception, is the largest in Spain, and which has been built for the exclusive purpose of giving it protection and honor. For weeks before the festival all the cities of northern Spain as far west as Oviedo, the capital of Asturias, had been painted red with the large and brilliant posters announcing the extraordinary series of bull-fights that would be held during the fortnight in the notable bull-ring of Zaragoza, and in honor of the Virgin for the maintenance of her shrine.

During the week I was there, the first bull-fight took place on Sunday, the 12th of October, the opening of the festival; and three others during the week were to be followed by another on the second Sunday, and during the following week another five were to take place. The newspapers of the city printed columns of rhapsodies of the most fervent and passionate devotion to the Virgin, and on the same page descriptions hardly less glowing in praise of the magnificent and bloody encounters in the bull-ring, in which scores of horses were gashed and gored, and torn to pieces by the beasts that had been infuriated by the steel-pointed arrows thrown into their quivering flesh. In this singular and horrible phenomenon was again presented a scene of mingled barbarity and piety, unequalled perhaps in any other civilized country of the world.

Our church in Zaragoza for several successive years has made a special effort to draw to its doors some of the many strangers who at this event annually fill Zaragoza. The young men of the Christian Endeavor Society had prepared several hundred of appropriate tracts for public distribution, on which was printed an invitation to attend meetings in the chapel, to be held every evening during the week, from half-past eight to half-past nine. The young men distributed these judiciously during the week. At every meeting not less than six strangers were present, and sometimes there were as many as twenty. It seemed to me remarkable that so many should have been induced to come to our chapel, somewhat distant as it is from the centres where attractions were displayed to interest and divert the public, in the way of illuminations, cinematographs, artificial fireworks and street theatricals, besides the numerous theatres, in every one of which something especial was being performed each afternoon and evening. Indeed one group of strangers from the neighborhood of Zaragoza, on entering the chapel, politely remarked to the pastor who stood at the door, that they hoped he would pardon them if they left before the meeting was through, as they had taken seats in one of the important theatres, and which they would wish to occupy at about half-past nine.

In the meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society, I was particularly attracted by a young man in rough garments and with a rough but intelligent countenance, who commented tersely and well on the subject-texts of the afternoon. On inquiry I found that his is another of the many interesting personal histories in that congregation. Some four or five years ago his father, a blacksmith, began to attend the meetings in the chapel, at which he has regularly assisted for two or three years, and since then less regularly, so that, though not a member of the church, he may well be counted as one of the adherents. His son was his right-hand man at the forge, and was a sincere devotee at the shrine of the Virgin of the Pillar. One day, about two years ago, one of the tracts that his father brought from the chapel (in which the son had no interest whatever, and which indeed he hardly knew his father frequented) fell into his hands. On reading it, and never suspecting its heretical origin, he was deeply touched by its devotional spirit, which singularly stirred a greater fevor than ever in his naturally serious spirit, and increased the frequency of his visits to the shrine of his devotion and his participation in the religious functions of the cathedral of the Virgin of the Pillar. Observing this, the father remarked to him one day that, if he was so impressed by the teaching of the tract, he had better accompany him sometime to the meetings where the doctrines in it were especially advocated and practiced. The son went with his father. The seed fell into good ground and soon he became an acknowledged member of the congregation, and not long after, unlike his father, a member of the church by profession of his faith. From that day he has been one of the most earnest and consistent members of the Christian Endeavor Society, and a cheerful helper in all the activities of the church.

His father has transferred to him chiefly the business of the forge, by which this good son maintains in comfort his aged parents and two or three younger brothers and sisters. Formerly he had almost the monopoly of the manufacture by hand of the barbed, steel-pointed 'banderillas,' which are used by the bull-fighters for darting into the flesh of the baited beast, to torture him into greater fury, thereby

adding to the excitement of the bull-ring. From the time that our young friend accepted the gospel, in spite of the remonstrances and fear of his parents and his friends lest he should alienate customers, he absolutely refused to take any more orders for the making of this instrument of torture. It seemed almost inevitable that he would lose not only the product of this particular manufacture, but also the goodwill of many other Roman Catholic customers, who would by this course come to hear that he had become an evangelical. He was firm, however, and as a matter of fact his trade has not yet diminished.

Livin' on Gospel Scraps.

(Julia Macnair Wright, in 'American Messenger.')

Mrs. Mills sat on the side verandah reading. The back gate clicked at the coming of Aunt Zenobia. After the fashion of the old-time negress she wore a plaid kerchief turbanwise, the two corners being brought forward and tied above her nose, in a tiny bow. From beneath the gay plaid, small bunches of grey wool fluffed out; her eyes were dim and bleared; a check shawl was pinned about her thin crooked shoulders, and she hobbled along leaning with both gnarled hands upon the top of a stout cane.

'How are you to-day, Aunt Zenobia?' said Mrs. Mills.

'I'm right peart, thanky.'

'And how are you getting on these days?'

'Oh, I'm livin' on scraps, Miss Nancy, an' they're mighty fine pickin', too.'

Mrs. Mills pushed a cushion to the top step. 'Sit there, and rest back against the pillar,' she said, 'and Jane shall bring you a cup of hot tea.'

'That's right, Miss Nancy, honey; your tea is terrible upliftin' to me,' said the old dame.

'I hope your son is doing kindly by you.'

'So he is for sho'. John Quincy Adams is a mighty good boy to his mammy. What I say I wants he gets, sho'. But la, Miss Nancy, he's got such a raft of chillen I'm mighty keerful not to say I want much, 'cause John Quincy Adams ain't made of money. When I said I was livin' on scraps, honey, I didn't make no reference to eatin'. No; I mentioned gospel scraps, Miss Nancy, and very good fillin' pickins they is. When I has them, I don't suffer no hunger in that line.'

'You tell me about it, Aunt Zenobia, while Jane gets your tea ready,' said Mrs. Mills.

'It's this way, honey. I can't read. No more can John Quincy Adams and his wife, M'lindy. The chillen can; we can't. When I was young, my old missy, she tried hard to have all her black folks learn to read. She said everyone oughter know how to read God's blessed Word, to walk by it. I didn't want to take the trouble. Missy often shake her head at me an' say, "Z'noby, the time will come when you'll need the Lord's Word; you'll wish you could read it. You'll need comfortin' an' upliftin'." I 'lowed I'd have plenty of it, cause missy used to read whole chapters to us every Sunday afternoon. She sez, "Some day I'll be dead and gone, and how'll you get gospel feedin' then, Z'noby?" So it is, Miss Nancy. Ole missy's gone to glory, and instead of sittin' down with my Bible and feastin' on whole chapters, I has to live on scraps; but thank God for scraps—they're s'prisin' strengthenin'.'

'Let me hear more about it, Aunt Zenobia,' said Mrs. Mills, handing the old dame her tea and bread and butter. The old woman stirred and sipped with great satisfaction. 'Miss Nancy, there's a verse about hungerin' an' thirstin' for God's Word, ain't there? An' ther's another tex' about "thy words were found an' I ate them," aint there? That's the way I am. Our chillen goes to Sunday-school, and they brings home little cards with texes on them, an' slips of paper with Bible verses to learn for next Sunday. Then they brings them to me and reads them over, slow and loud; and I puts them in a box on my table. Then every day I sez to the chillen, one an all, "come hyar an' read over yo' verses, cause yo' shouldn't go to the Sunday-school and not know yo' lessons." Then they reads them, slow and loud, and I repeats them after the chillen. When some of the neighbors comes in, that can read, I takes out the cards and papers, and I sez, "Here, chile, read these to an old body that wasted her time when she was young." So I gets more readin' of them, and those gospel scraps gets pretty well into my head. Nights, Miss Nancy, 'pears like I'm 'wake a great deal, sho'. Then I says over my gospel scraps, and sometimes the whole room shines with 'em. There's one, "No night there, for the Lamb is the light thereof." My! Miss Nancy, ain't that beautiful? 'Pears like I see them he's "washed followin' him wherever he goeth"—which is another scrap. Then there's such a satisfyin' bit, "Nowise cast out," and when I ache so I can't keep still, for old age aching in me, there's such a good piece, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now, isn't that real sustainin'? One scrap seemed to me I never could get enough of, "My father himself loveth you." Think of that, Missy! Might expect him to love folks like you, but here, he loves a poor old ig'rant creature like me. I can't get out evenin's, but I gets to church on Sunday mornin's, an' then I get hold of more scraps of gospel. One was, "I go to prepare a place for you," an' our preacher he said the Lord was expectin' us, an' had our names set on doorplates like, each one on his own house. That will be fine doin's for me; nebber libbed in any house but a little full-to-overflowin' cabin. There's a scrap of only one word, but does me a heap of good—"Freely." The preacher dealt out once that freely meant everybody an' everything; all kinds of comfortin' an' helpin' freely, freely. Forgivin' me freely. Lovin' me freely. Ain't that powerful!

'Our Thomas Jefferson Clay he lives out at Mis' Keats, an' sleeps to home. Christmas he come home, jest set up. Mis' Keats she done give him fifty cents an' a handkercher, an' a bag o' candy an' a Bible—a whole new Bible! His name was all writ out in it, an' it was bound in purple with spatter edges. Thomas Jefferson Clay he can read. So I sez to him, "If you reads to me a chapter a day, more or less, I'll knit you a pa'ar of mittens 'fore winter." Knittin's awful hard on my crooked hands, but I makes out a few rounds a day, an' Thomas Jefferson Clay he reads chapters. We didn't know where to commence, so I told him the preacher found mighty good readin' in the middle of the book; an' what do you think? First thing he sorted out there was "The Lord is my shepherd." Wasn't that satisfyin'! Lauretta she teaches in the colored school. She said the head teacher found a place in the back of the book, all about the City of Glory, an' she sorted it out: all about gold streets, an' pearl gates an' jewel walls, an' harps, an' light, an' fruits, an' glass, an' robes—enough to take your breath away! When I feel pretty bad, I sez to myself, "Z'noby, what you frettin' over? All that reserved for you in glory, an' you frettin'? Why, I'm 'shamed of you, Z'noby." Then I feel better. I guess I can stand these 'flictions, with such good times a-coming, Missy.

'I done made Thomas Jefferson Clay a flannel bag to keep his Bible in, so it will be clean an' smart. Jes' to look at the outside kind o' helps me to 'member what's inside. Yes, Mis' Nancy, thank you for the tea. Yo's allus terrible kind to me, ma'am—an' that's what I mean by living on gospel scraps. Good-morning to you, deary. I mus' be gettin' on, an' may the good Lord feed you with food convenient, an' give you honey out of the rock, an' water of life, an' the fruit of the trees that grow in heaven, Missy. They's all powerful good. I've got tastes of them down here, day an' night.'

A charming illustration of Christian devotion and steadfastness has come to the mission rooms recently in connection with an amount received from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chandler, of Jandon, Missouri. When only thirty-three years of age Mrs. Chandler was left a widow, with three little boys to rear, the oldest of whom was only six years of age at the time of her affliction. Being a woman of devout faith she made a promise to the Lord that if he would enable her to rear her boys aright, to be good and honorable men, she would at her death consider his goodness, especially in regard to the distribution of her worldly goods, and would set aside an equal share with each of her sons, dividing the property into four parts instead of three. She lived to see her ardent wish in regard to her sons fulfilled, and having full confidence in them did not make a will in regard to her property, but requested that the sons should carry out her promise which she had made to the Lord. It is delightful to state that the sons, who are living in West Plains, Missouri, have most cordially and heartily fulfilled their mother's wishes, and the Missionary Union has received the first instalment of the one-fourth part of Mrs. Chandler's estate. Mrs. Chandler was a native of Ohio, but removed to Missouri, and was always deeply interested in the cause of foreign missions. So frequently is it the case that bequests in the wills of departed relatives made for charitable purposes are disregarded, and every effort made to break the wills, that an instance of this character where the wishes of a mother have been carried out voluntarily is very pleasant to record.—'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Lost Receipt.

(M. C., in 'Sunday at Home.'

CHAPTER I.

'But I know that I paid it three months ago,' said Mrs. Cuthbert.

'Then, of course, you have the receipt to show.'

'The gentleman who called gave me a receipt as I have already told you, but I cannot think what I have done with it.'

'Well, I have nothing to do with that. You acknowledge, I suppose, that you did have the coals?'

'Of course we had them, but I am quite positive they were paid for.'

'Then, madam, I must insist on your producing our collector's receipt. The account is marked in our ledger as unpaid, and it rests with you to prove to the contrary.'

'You have my word.'

'I have no wish to doubt it, but it is not proof.'

'I will look once more,' she said, the lines of care and perplexity deepening on her naturally placid brow.

'Very well, I will give you three more days to find it. I will call again on Monday afternoon, and shall expect you either to settle the account then, or produce proof of payment. Good morning.'

Mr. Slack turned away as he spoke, and walked smartly down the street. He was a good humored looking little man, but he did not look so pleasant as usual to-day; and he took no notice of the youthful crossing-sweeper, who had run from the corner, as soon as he caught sight of him, and now ran alongside.

A few weeks ago the collector of Slack and Son, coal merchants, had absconded, after receiving a good many payments, of which he had given no account.

This necessitated the junior member of the firm calling on all the customers whose accounts were marked unpaid.

Some had their receipts to show; others acknowledged themselves in debt to Slack and Son, while others again, like Mrs. Cuthbert, declared they had already paid, but had lost their receipts.

'Now, I wonder if she is telling the truth,' Mr. Slack said to himself, fixing his eyes unconsciously, with such intentness on the crossing-sweeper that the little fellow felt quite certain of a penny at the least. 'She looks a nice kind of woman, and if she were an old customer, I would take her word. But I can't find her name in our books till this year, and for anything I know to the contrary she may have been practising the same game with a dozen other coal merchants. We cannot afford to be robbed both by collectors and customers, and I must go by the ledger, unless she produces the receipt. I hope she may be able to find it, if she did really pay the money. She seemed to be telling the truth; but it's a bad world, and, as my father often says, we ought to treat all men as rogues till we know them to be honest. I suppose that applied to women as well. It never seemed to me a very Christian principle to go upon, but there is no help for it in a place like this, where the half of the inhabitants would live entirely on their tradespeople if they got leave. Well, well, it is a bad world and makes one hard in spite of oneself.'

'No, you little imposter'—this to the crossing-sweeper—'I did not use your crossing and why should I pay for sweeping it?'

'Please sir, father's in the 'orspital and mother's on a sick-bed,' whined the boy.

'Oh, yes, and there are six children younger than you to support,' interrupted Mr. Slack roughly. 'I know all about that, and I used to believe you. But I saw your mother the other day, going into the public-house at the corner, with the coppers you had just given her; and you will get no more of mine; so you need not waste your time following me.'

And as the boy slunk back abashed, Mr. Slack went on, feeling half ashamed of the rebuff he had given him.

'Poor little wretch, it is his misfortune more than his fault,' he thought pitifully.

Mrs. Cuthbert meantime, after standing for an instant watching her unwelcome visitor along the street, returned to the snug little sitting-room, from which his knock had summoned her.

'Who was it, dear?' asked her husband, whose pale face and recumbent position in a large armchair, proclaimed him to be an invalid.

'It was young Mr. Slack again, about the coal bill. He insists that we must pay it over again, unless I can show the receipt, and you know I have searched the whole house and can't find it.'

Mr. Cuthbert, though quick and impatient by nature, had learned forbearance and sympathy in Christ's own school. So instead of increasing his wife's vexation by beginning to lecture her on her carelessness, as many men would have done in such a case, he said kindly—

'Don't worry about it, dear, you must have another search—it is sure to turn up somewhere.'

Mrs. Cuthbert gave him a grateful look, and then her brows knitted again in deep thought.

'I remember everything so well, except the one thing,' she said, taking up some knitting that was lying on the table. 'It was the day that I commenced this sock. I remember I was going to wind the yarn, and had just put it over the back of a chair for the purpose, when I heard a knock, and when I opened the door it was the collector from Slack's. I had seen him in the office the day I ordered the coals, so when he said he had called for the account, of course, I thought it was all right; and I remember quite well unlocking my desk and getting out the money, and him handing me the receipt for it.'

'Try and remember what you did after he was gone.'

'I have tried till I am tired. I know I came in here the first thing, for I looked to see the time and thought that I need not put on the children's dinner for another hour. Then I began reckoning up the coal account in my mind, because it struck me that it had come to a few shillings more than I expected. You know I am not one of the clever women who can think of two things at the same time, and it was the counting that made me forget what I did with the paper.'

'But you can use your mind and your hands at the same time. So, what were your hands doing when your mind was engrossed with the figures?'

'Oh, they were winding the yarn for your socks. I did that mechanically and cast it on the needles as well, for I remember saying to myself that thirty stitches on one of the needles made two and sixpense. After I cast on the sock and knit a few rounds, I went upstairs and changed my dress——'

'Have you looked in the pocket of the one you left off?' he interrupted.

'Oh, yes—I looked there the very first place.'

'Did you take the receipt upstairs with you?'

'You need not try to trap my memory that way, Walter—I have tried it so often myself without success. I ought, of course, to have put it on the file in our bedroom, but I have not the slightest recollection of doing so, and as it is not there, my fear is that it had somehow been thrown into the grate, and that it was burned with the shavings the day you took this illness. You remember you came home shivering, and Elsie and I lighted the fire in a great hurry.'

'I remember very well. I would not have cared much that day, if you had lighted the fire with bank-notes, so that I got warmed.'

'I might as well have lighted it with a bank-note as a receipt, if we have to pay the money over again,' said Mrs. Cuthbert, ruefully.

'Well, after all, it is only £3, and will not break us even if we have to make it good. Once I am back at the office the loss of a few pounds will not matter much.'

Mrs. Cuthbert tried to respond to his cheerful words, but her smile was a forced one, for her heart was very heavy.

She knew what her husband did not, that it might still be many weeks before he was able to be at the office again. His employers had promised to keep his place open for him, but the expenses incurred during his long illness, had already swallowed up their little hoard of savings. The coals, too, which she had laid in early in the year, were almost consumed. The very day Mr. Slack had first called to demand payment for them, she had been thinking of ordering in the supply for winter, and postponing the payment till her husband should be in receipt of his salary. She could not do this now, unless she paid Mr. Slack's unjust demand, and even then he might refuse to give her credit.

But Mrs. Cuthbert was not in the habit of meeting trouble half way. She knew whom she believed, and trusted him to supply the needs of her loved ones. So, checking her desponding thoughts, she spoke pleasantly to her husband, poked the fire into a cheerful blaze, and then went upstairs to search once more for the missing paper.

But her search was vain.

CHAPTER II.

'Elsie, you must take good care of father till I come back.'

'Yes, mother, but do not be long away.'

'I will be back as soon as I can, dear, but it is a long distance to Peckham, where we used to live,' Mrs. Cuthbert answered, as she kissed her little girl, and then with a low spoken good-bye to her husband, went out, leading their youngest child by the hand.

Things had gone badly with the Cuthberts during the last month. The weather had suddenly become bitterly cold, and thrown the invalid back. His wife could no longer supply him with the dainties that would have tempted his delicate appetite, for Mr. Slack's unexpected call upon her purse had left her almost penniless.

She had had a hard struggle with herself before she paid him. At first she was inclined to resist the claim and allow him to take proceedings to recover the money. By this she would at least gain time. But Mrs. Cuthbert had a great objection to going to law. Both she and her husband were Church members, and their two children went regularly to the Sunday-school. Their neighbors knew that they made an open profession of religion, and she feared it might bring a reproach on the name of Christ if it were known that they were summoned for a debt. Although she knew that the money was not justly due, others did not, and Mr. Slack himself would think she was trying to defraud him.

'Better suffer wrong than be thought a wrong-doer,' she said to herself, and to her husband, when they discussed the matter; and he agreeing with her, the bill was paid the second time.

Mrs. Cuthbert thought that Mr. Slack would have allowed her a ton of coal on credit, but he had taken alarm at the signs of poverty he had seen when he called, as well as at the statement that her husband was not able to be at work. He told her the firm had resolved only to give credit to old customers. Other tradesmen in the neighborhood said the same. They had so often been taken advantage of by dishonest people, that confidence had been destroyed, and they would only serve her for ready money. In vain poor Mrs. Cuthbert humbled herself for her sick husband's sake, to plead that he had been a householder for years, and had dealt with them for more than twelve months without ever having needed to ask credit till now. Butcher, fishmonger and provision merchant were alike inexorable; they were all very civil, very sorry, but could only deal with her for ready money.

'I might have had ready money if I had not been so over conscientious about the coal account,' she thought, in the bitterness of her heart. 'I did it for Christ's sake, and this is what it has brought me to!'

Fortunately the baker and milkman trusted her and let their accounts run on unpaid. She trembled every time she opened the door to one or the other, lest they should ask for their money; but they never did.

But whatever she and the children might do, her husband must have more than bread and milk, if he was ever to be strong again.

'Give him plenty of beef tea and everything nourishing,' the doctor always told her; and sometimes she was at her wits' end to know how to obey his orders.

She kept Elsie at home from school to look after the house and take care of her father, while she herself went out sewing for ladies whose acquaintance she made at chapel. She did her own washing and ironing after she came home at night. She did everything that a woman could do to provide for her dear ones, but she could hardly keep the wolf from the door. She never quite lost her faith in God's loving care, but sometimes it was sorely shaken; and often as her needle flew in and out of her work she kept repeating to herself a verse of one of the Scottish psalms she had so often sung in the home of her own childhood:—

'To Thee I lift my soul,
Oh, God, I trust in Thee.
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes triumph over me.'

Generally, the 'foes' meant her unpaid bills; but there were times when her own want of faith troubled her more than all her cares and anxieties, and she felt as if she would gladly pass through a sea of trouble, if only she could feel her heavenly Father's hand supporting her, as she had done in days that were gone.

And now the sudden 'snap' of cold had thrown the invalid back, and made a plentiful supply of fuel as much a necessity as that of nourishing food.

'This room is far too cold: you must keep the temperature up to sixty degrees,' the doctor told her, in addition to his former orders; and he enforced the command by stirring up the fire vigorously, and then throwing on half the coal in the scuttle with his own hands. He did not know that the last shovelful of coal in the cellar had been scraped up to fill that scuttle, but if he had it would have made no difference.

Walter Cuthbert's wan face brightened as the flame danced merrily. 'I have hardly been able to breathe these last few days, the air has been so cold,' he said. And then Mrs. Cuthbert made up her mind that she would go to an old neighbor and borrow £5 so that she might be able to keep up a good fire for him as long as he needed it. She had never borrowed money in her life before. Till lately she had always been able, by careful management, to live a little within their small income, and had sometimes been inclined to pass severe judgment on other women who were not so thrifty.

She would never censure anyone for improvidence again, now that she knew, from painful experience, how easily people might fall into poverty and debt, through no fault of their own.

It had been very hard for her to stoop to ask for credit from the trades-people, and it was harder still to have to borrow money. To her, it seemed almost as disgraceful as begging, and only her great love for her husband would have induced her to do it.

'Perhaps I am proud, and need this to humble me,' she thought, as she threaded her way through the streets, with little Harold prattling unheeded by her side.

And then she began planning how to lay out the money to the best advantage, when she did get it. She would order a supply of coal the very first thing, and pay the bread and milk that was owing. She had no fear of her old neighbor refusing her request, but still her heart throbbed as if it would choke her, when they came in sight of the house they sought.

She went up the steps slowly, still holding Harold by the hand; he had ceased to prattle long ago, having discovered that his mother, who was usually such good company, paid no heed to him.

Mrs. Cuthbert rang the bell

'Is Mr. Martin at home?' she asked of the servant who answered it.

'Mr. Martin doesn't live here, ma'am.'

'This is 87, is it not?'

'Yes, ma'am, but it's Mr. Henry as owns it.'

'Do you know where Mr. Martin has gone?'

'No, ma'am, but I'll ask Missis.'

A minute afterwards the good-natured girl returned.

'Missis says Mr. Martin left Lunnon a year ago, the time he gave up the house, and she don't know anything about him now.'

CHAPTER III.

The morning had been dark and cold when Mrs. Cuthbert left home, but by-and-by the sun came out so brightly that people who a short time before were feeling 'nipped up' in their furs and great-coats, were now fain to choose the shady side of the street to escape his powerful rays.

Elsie did not mind staying in the house so long as the cold made a fire agreeable, but as soon as the window panes of the houses on the opposite side of the way began to flash back the sunlight, she began to feel the parlor unpleasantly close and warm, and to wish herself out in the open fields, which fortunately for her and Harold, were only a few minutes' walk from their present residence.

'Father is reading and doesn't seem to want me. I am sure if I asked him he would let me go,' she thought. And then aloud she said:

'Father, you would not mind being left alone for half-an-hour would you, while I run out to the fields?'

'Oh, no, dear. You can go if you wish,' he answered, raising his languid eyes a moment from his book.

But there was something in his look that made Elsie repent of her selfish request as soon as it was granted.

'Oh, I think I'll not go till mother comes home, she said I wasn't to leave the house.'

'Do whatever mother said, dear,' he answered, resuming his book.

How Elsie wished he would stop reading and talk to her. She was a lively little girl, and liked society. She never felt lonely when her mother was at home sewing, because no matter how busy her mother might be, she always found time to talk to her little girl.

'But when father sticks his nose in a book, there's no getting a word out of him,' she said, talking to herself, as people often do, when they have no better company than their own.

After trying to amuse herself for some time by playing with the cat and looking out of the window, it struck Elsie that she might be more profitably employed. She had no work of her own on hand, having just finished a pair of cuffs she had been knitting, but she thought she would try if she could do any of the sock her mother had begun for her father long ago, and had never had time to finish.

Elsie got the work out of the drawer, and examined it. The needles had begun to rust in the stitches, but she managed to push them through, and after she had done a few rows they went quite smoothly, though much more slowly than if they had been in her mother's hands. But if the needles went slowly, the time passed

quickly with Elsie, now that she was employed, and she was just thinking how pleased her mother would be if she could have the toe of the sock narrowed and cast off before she came home, when she found to her vexation that the yarn was almost run out and that there would not be enough to finish the sock.

Elsie knit as slowly and tightly as she could after making this discovery; but very soon the last bit of yarn came from the paper on which it had been wound; and with a jerk she gave it the paper leaped from her pocket to the hearth-rug, where the cat caught it and began slowly pulling it to pieces, in the grave way peculiar to cats who retain the frolicsomeness of their youth, but are ashamed to show it too plainly.

'Oh, pussy, you will make such a litter,' said Elsie, who was a tidy little body.

And as she spoke she pulled the paper from between the cat's-paws, and was just about to throw it in the fire, when she saw that it was written upon. She smoothed it out flat, and read:

'Received from Mrs. Cuthbert the sum of three pounds five shillings and sixpence. Slack and Son, per M. Auton.'

'Father,' said Elsie, speaking quietly, because she knew that sick people ought not to be startled: 'I have found the receipt that mother lost.'

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Cuthbert came slowly and heavily up the steps and let herself in with her latch-key. She had carried Harold part of the way home and was very tired, but to no face did fatigue of body ever give the wan, woeful look that hers wore as she flung herself on a chair, exclaiming:

'Oh, Walter, I have not got the money. I trusted in God, and he has forsaken me!'

'Dear wife,' he answered, 'when did God ever forsake his own? He has sent us the money without you having to borrow it. Elsie has found the receipt.'

'It was pussy found it, I think,' said Elsie.

Mrs. Cuthbert burst into tears. 'No matter who found it, it was indeed God who sent it,' she sobbed. 'Oh, what a faithless, ungrateful creature I have been to mistrust him!'

Her husband comforted her as well as he could, reminding her that her Father in heaven knew how sorely her faith had been tried, and would pity more than condemn her, for its momentary failure.

Elsie, who had never seen her mother so overcome before, was fairly frightened, and Harold, too, began to cry, so that Mrs. Cuthbert had to dry her eyes and soothe him.

'He is tired and hungry, poor little man; but mamma shall get him something nice for his tea.'

'And Elsie too,' said Harold, whose sense of justice was strong.

'Yes, and poor papa and all. Elsie will boil the kettle, and you will help her, while I run out and get the nice things.'

She went at once to Messrs. Slack and Son's office, and fortunately found the junior partner in. He gladly refunded the money as soon as she showed him the receipt, making many apologies for not having taken her word without proof.

'The fact is that we have been deceived so often, we are afraid to trust anyone,' he told her.

'No wonder we cannot trust each other when we do not take the word of One who never deceives,' she answered, hardly conscious that she spoke aloud.

But Mr. Slack's eyes grew bright with sympathy, and he held out his hand and shook hers warmly.

He wanted to say something to show that he understood and sympathized, but he was a dumb Christian and all he could utter was:

'I'll send round a ton of coals presently. Never mind the payment till it is quite convenient, and if they are all used before your husband is able to be at business again, be sure you send for more.'

Mrs. Cuthbert thanked him warmly, and after providing the things she required, went home very tired, but with her heart full of gratitude to God for his goodness, and of contrition for her own want of trust in him. Her troubles were not over for many weeks, she was still the sole breadwinner of the family; and even after Walter was at his desk again her trials did not cease. But 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.'

Whatever befell her Mrs. Cuthbert never again lost her confidence in her heavenly Father's care, and the sunshine of his love sustained her, when stronger women, who had not that blessed assurance, would have been hopelessly crushed in life's hard battle.

The Cry of the Heathen Child

They say there's a golden city
Beyond the evening star,
And a home so fair for children there,
Where God and His angels are;
And they shall stand in that happy land,
But it cannot be meant for me.

They say there's a loving Saviour,
Who came on earth to die,
But in glory crowned with the angels round
How can He hear my cry?
Though it may be true that He listens to you,
Yet it cannot be meant for me.

But I'll never see that city,
Nor hear that Saviour's call;
So I kneel in prayer to the idols here,
And the bitter tears will fall.
For I wish I had heard His pitiful word;
Oh, I wish it were meant for me!

—E. H. V., in 'Young Folks' Missionary.'

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The Story of Avadi, a Little Hindu Girl.

(Emily R. Bissell, in 'Mission Dayspring.')

A missionary lady was crossing the street one afternoon to go over to the dormitories of the girls' school to see what the matrons had planned to give her girls for supper, when she was stopped by a little girl who looked timidly, and yet bravely, too, up into her face. The little brown face showed great shy, dark eyes fringed with long curved lashes. The child wore a short green chirdi folded around her, one end drawn over the uncombed hair. Two bare feet wriggled uneasily under the folds of the chirdi as she answered the lady's questions.

'Who are you, child?'

'I am Avadi,' was the simple response.

'What do you want here, Avadi?'

'I've come to you.'

'Who told you to come to me?'

'My grandmother did.'

'Were you living with her?'

'Yes, Bai.'

'And didn't you want to stay with her?'

'She sent me to you.'

'Why didn't she keep you?'

'She was afraid of my father.'

'But why was she afraid of him?'

Avadi hung her head at this question. 'Because I ran away from him to her,' she answered.

'And why did you run away from him, Avadi?' the lady queried gently.

The child fingered the end of her chirdi nervously. 'He was going to get me married,' she said at last.

'But, Avadi,' said the lady, 'all the little girls get married, don't they? And why not you?'

Avadi hung her head again a moment, then, looking quickly up, repeated simply, 'I ran away to my grandmother.'

'And she sent you to me for fear your father would get angry with her for keeping you after you had run away from him; was that it?' the lady asked again.

Avadi nodded, 'Yes,' and the pretty eyes brightened as they looked up into the white face above her and read there the sympathy her story had awakened. She felt sure now that the 'Bai' would take her. Everyone had told her that the 'Bai' was always kind to girls. ('Bai' is a term of affectionate respect.)

But the lady hesitated. This was not a 'famine case,' and she had no money for others. The school had far more pupils than it could well provide for already. And yet, this confident little Avadi, could she send her back to that heathen marriage which, for some unguessed reason, was so dreaded by the child that she had gathered courage—among ten thousand little girls scarcely would one be found with such courage—to flee from it, not to her grandmother only, but to a stranger, even to the white-faced 'Bai?' No, no; she must be taken in. Surely the money would be provided—the lady sighed—somehow.

She reached out her hand and Avadi instantly put her little brown hand into it. She was not afraid. Had it not all come about just as her grandmother had said it would? So she went unhesitatingly with 'Bai' to one of the cottage dormitories, and arrived there heard her say to the matron: 'Mukta Bai, you have fifteen daughters already, but I have brought you

a sixteenth. Her name is Avadi. Girls, remember Avadi is a new little sister for you. Help and teach her all you can.'

A new and wider chirdi was given the child, and a short-sleeved jacket; a rough blanket for mattress, and a quilt for covering. One of the older girls shared with Avadi her dinner plate and brass drinking cup. At school she received a slate and pencil, and now her wants were all satisfied.

The following day Avadi's matron brought her to the missionary lady and said, 'Bai, Avadi has been telling me about her parents and grandmother and I find I know them, and every thing she has told you is true.'

The lady took the matron aside and asked her why the child had run away from the marriage.

'Bai,' she answered, 'her father was marrying her for money. The times are hard, and people will marry a daughter to an old man, or to someone diseased, for "cash down." Who knows how it occurred to the child to run away! God gave her the mind to do it, and he gave you the desire to take her in. You have saved her.'

Avadi had not been long in school before she ran away to her grandmother. But she returned in a few days, and went straight to her matron, who brought her at once to the missionary lady.

'Bai, she must be punished,' she said, sternly.

Avadi hung her head very low as her Bai came slowly towards her, looking so sober.

'Why did you run away, Avadi?' she asked. Then, drawing the little one to her, continued gently: 'I did not ask you to come here, Avadi, did I? You came because your grandmother sent you. Now, tell me why you ran away.'

'I was homesick,' answered the child, twisting the end of her chirdi over and over the little brown fingers, and trying not to cry.

'And why have you come back, then?' inquired the lady again.

'My grandmother said my father would come and take me away if I stayed there, and sent me back here to you.'

'But, Avadi,' continued the Bai, 'our little girls don't run away, and I can't keep you if you run away. Now, another time when you are homesick you come to me, and I'll see if I can send someone with you there and back; then I shall not feel worried, nor will Mukta Bai, wondering what has become of our little Avadi. Won't that be better?'

'Yes, Bai.' Then, pulling the chirdi end over her head, Avadi added in a low voice, 'I'll never run away again.' And she never did. This is her fourth year in school and she is in the third reader, studying compound numbers, the map of the Bombay presidency, and grammar, and beginning English, and learning about our Lord Jesus in the story by Matthew.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Success Out of Failure.

Forty-four years ago Adolf Lorenz was a poor little boy wandering about the streets of Vienna. He early conceived an ambition to be a surgeon, and at length the way was opened for him to enter upon a course of study. 'At the early age of thirty,' he says, 'after many struggles, I had overcome all obstacles as a student, and arose to be first assistant to the late Professor Albert. I taught general surgery, and the dream of my life was to become a famous surgeon. But the dream never came true. I contracted a peculiar form of eczema. I could not follow my chosen work.' He was cast down into the depth of despair and was on the verge of suicide. One day while complaining of his lot, Professor Albert said to him, 'If you can't get along with wet surgery, try dry surgery.' 'So it was not by love but by necessity that I became a dry surgeon. And it has brought me the esteem and appreciation of the profession and the grateful thanks of many a mother.' That seemingly hard providence that made it impossible for him to proceed in the line of his chosen ambition thus became the stepping-stone on which Professor Lorenz has risen to be the most famous surgeon in his specialty in the world. Two continents are to-day doing him honor, and probably he never would have been heard of outside his native city had he not contracted that disease that almost broke his heart by unfitting him for his chosen ambition and thereby forced him into his true line of service.

When Phillips Brooks graduated from Harvard College at the age of nineteen he did not know what he was made for. Teaching first attracted him, and when an opening presented itself in the Boston Latin School he accepted it and entered upon what seemed to be his life-work. Trouble began early in his school and disorder grew into confusion. His forty pupils pelted him with snowballs and shot, and at length locked him out of his room. Before the year was out he was forced to resign in disgrace. The blow fell with crushing force on the sensitive soul of young Brooks. His friends pitied him in his distress. Charles W. (now President) Eliot, meeting him, 'was struck by his appearance: his face was of a deathly whiteness, the evidence of some great crisis.' His biographer, Professor Allen, tells the whole painful story. 'The six months which elapsed after leaving the Latin School are seen . . . . to have been a dreary and gloomy period, when the depression of his spirit reached the lowest degree. . . . He wandered through the streets of Boston. . . . The mortification rested like an incubus on his proud and sensitive spirit. We can hardly exaggerate the trial he was passing through. He had made his first essay at real life and had been defeated. He had been shut out from his Eden by a stern decree; a flaming sword confronted him, which turned every way to keep him out of his chosen vocation.' Yet it was that failure that turned his thoughts to the Christian ministry and sent him to the Theological Seminary at Alexandria in Virginia, out of which he came to rise with rapid steps to one of the greatest pulpits in the world. He could not control that little schoolroom in Boston, but, standing in Trinity pulpit, he swayed the whole city and sent his words out to the ends of the earth. Had he succeeded in the school-room he might have remained a schoolmaster to the end of his days; but failure there opened the path to his true vocation and made him one of the prophets of the world.

Success out of failure—this is often the way of Divine Providence and human experience. God may lead us into a temporary failure and sore disappointment because he is preparing us for some larger work. Many a young man has been crushed by the failure of his first effort in life only to rise with renewed strength and mount to his throne. A slight lifting of the curtain of providence shows us that without such preliminary failure the world would have been deprived of one of its greatest surgeons and one of its greatest preachers. Trial has the same mission in our lives, though it may not result in such conspicuous triumph. We should not think it strange concerning any fiery trial that may try us, for out of it there is a way of escape, and God has provided some better thing for us.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Better Way.

(Manfred J. Gaskell.)

God never willed for His children dear,
That the skies should be always bright,
For love grows deepest when sorrow is near,
And the sweetest joys come after fear,
As the dawn succeeds the night.

For God is good and His Father love,
Created a better way;
He planteth a seed of hope divine
In His children's hearts, in yours, in mine,
And said, with my children stay.

A Strange Punishment.

A missionary from Travancore, South India, writes: 'I heard a good story of the way in which some Hill Arrians in Travancore punished an unjust tax-gatherer. I think it will make you laugh. It was about twenty years ago, and in those days tax-gatherers, when collecting taxes for Government, nearly always took something for themselves, as I fear they often do still. One day a tax-collector came to Melkavu, and while gathering the taxes collected fowls and eggs for himself. At one house he wanted the owner to give him a fine cock, and when he refused, began to beat him. The man's cries brought the teacher to the spot, who reproved the tax-collector for robbery and violence. The tax-collected turned upon him, seized him by the arm, and threw him down. But this was too much for the Arrians. They bore robbery and violence themselves, but could not bear to see their teacher ill-used. Some seized the tax-collector's hands and tied them behind him; then they put a live fowl with its legs under his chin and tied the legs together at the back of his neck, so that the poor fowl, in its efforts to get free, flapped its wings in the tax-gatherer's face and boxed his ears. Then they chased him down the hill, pelting him with the eggs he had stolen. He was very angry, and made a false complaint about them to the Government, but Mr. Henry Baker had heard the truth, and was able to make it clear, so the Arrians were set free and the tax-collector was fined.'

HELPING MOTHER.

A Small Hero.

(Mrs. O. W. Scott, in 'Sunday-school Advocate.')

He did not know he was a hero, but I think he was, and perhaps after you have read this little story you will agree with me.

He was a square-shouldered little boy, who lived on our street. His mother was quite troubled because he had such mannish ways before he was fairly out of his babyhood! He had a pair of blue overalls, such as nice boys on our street wore when they played in the dirt, and when those were on he had a funny way of taking long steps and standing with his feet far apart, as if he were about as tall as his father.

Half a dozen other Tom Thumbs, who also wore overalls and took long steps, chose Charlie for their leader. Instead of calling them Kenneth, and Willie, and Joe, our

Charlie used their last names—Knox, Robinson, Clark, and so on—while they called him MacArthur, or still better, 'Mac.' He was happy when he could be 'Mac' all day.

These dear little pygmies had a big football which some older brother had worn out, and they 'blew it up,' and patiently mended it day after day, and kicked it so vigorously that usually the kicker fell backward into the dust, but that was taken as part of the game.

Charlie's mother used to say, 'Charlie is a born leader. Oh, if I could only know he would be a good one!' I can tell you, boys, between ourselves, that ever so many mothers are thinking of that very thing.

Well, one day a little chap wandered into our street and began to play with Charlie and his 'regiment'—for that is what he called the boys who followed his lead. I do not know what sort of parents or home this bad boy had, but somewhere he had taken lessons in evil, and before he had been with them a half hour he began to swear, taking the name of the great God in vain. Charlie stopped playing, and drew a long breath.

'Did you do that a-purpose?' he asked.

'Yes, and I'll do it again,' replied the boy from outside, as he did so.

'Robinson!' cried Charlie, to his oldest follower.

'Here!' answered Willie, running to Charlie's side, while the rest of the boys followed.

'He sweared,' said the little captain, standing very straight and pointing to the culprit, 'and we don't play with boys that swear, on this street.'

'No, we don't; no, no!' they responded.

'You can't do anything. I'll stay here if I'm a mind to,' said the boy, kicking dust toward them.

'Not if you swear when the commandments say not to,' answered Charlie.

'No, sir; not if you swear,' echoed the others.

'And we don't want you if you've got bad words inside,' added the leader.

'I don't care; men say 'em on the street,' said the defiant Sullivan.

'But this regiment don't, and you can't play with us 'less you promise never to again.'

The boy took up a stone to throw, but as he looked at the six determined little figures he dropped it and turned sulkily away.

'Tell your mother to wash out your mouth with soap-suds,' said Willie Robinson.

'And don't you come again till—you's over it,' added the captain, as if the dreadful habit were a dreadful disease.

They waited until 'Sullivan' turned a corner, and then they went on with their play.

But Charlie's mother, who sat beside an open window, could not see to set another stitch until she had wiped the tears from her eyes. But they were not 'sorry' tears.

Whatsoever.

It is more than one twelve-month since the first day of one new year on which Anna went to her mother with an anxious face, saying, 'Mother, I want a text for a motto, and do not know which one to select. Please help me.'

'And what is the motto to be used for?' mother asked.

'My teacher wanted me to work or print a verse that was to be my aim to follow during the next year.'

'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' mother said.

'You are a darling; that is just the thing,' was Anna's impulsive answer. 'Let me think—whatsoever—what do you understand by that, dear mother?'

We will turn to the dictionary: 'Whatsoever, any thing that may be; all that.' You see that includes everything; every duty, every kindness, every self-denial, all that you can do for Jesus' sake.'

'That means a great deal, does it not?'

'Yes, dear, a very great deal; yet I would choose to do it if I were you, for it means so many beautiful things.'

'So I will.'

The motto was printed in a neat text, framed and hung up, and when Anna opened her eyes on the second day of January, she looked up at it and determined that all her whatsoevers should be well done.

Not many days after, she was planning to go out, when her mother called to her: 'Anna, dear, please to dust the parlor for me; it needs to be cared for.'

Anna answered pleasantly, and saying to herself 'I'll hurry so fast that I will not be late,' she took a feather brush with the silk duster and went down to the parlor. A wipe with the one and a flirt with the other soon gave a look of neatness that pleased her.

As she was about to leave the room a thought came to her, 'That is one of my whatsoevers; have I done it with my might?'

The result of this appeal of conscience was that the work was all done over again.

One day she was hurrying to meet a school friend, and on the corner of one of the streets she saw a little child who was crying. A number of persons had stopped to look at her. The child was lost. Anna saw one of her whatsoevers, so she took the child to the nearest station-house, and it was returned to its home.

Another of the whatsoevers she found very unexpectedly when, in walking up one of the avenues of the city, she met at a crossing an old woman who was both poor and blind. One hand grasped a cane, the other was stretched forth for some one to lead her to the other side. And Anna helped her as gently as she could.

Year after year passed by, but Anna is still trying to see the whatsoevers, and to do them with her might.

Have not all boys and girls many whatsoevers to do? Try to find them with wide-open eyes and to do them with your might for Christ's sake. It may not always be easy to deny one's self, to be kind and loving, honest and true, but there was never a cross rightly carried that will not some day be surmounted by a crown. — N. Y. 'Observer.'

Sample Copies.

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LESSON XII.—SEPT. 20.

Abstinence from Evil.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

I. Peter iv., 1-11.

Golden Text.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess. Ephesians v., 18.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 14.—I. Pet. iv., 1-11.
Tuesday, Sept. 15.—I. Thess. v., 1-11.
Wednesday, Sept. 16.—Prov. xxiii., 15-23.
Thursday, Sept. 17.—Prov. i., 10-19.
Friday, Sept. 18.—Col. iii., 1-15.
Saturday, Sept. 19.—Eph. iv., 17-32.
Sunday, Sept. 20.—I. Cor. vi., 9-20.

1. Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin;

2. That he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.

3. For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries:

4. Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them to the same excess of riot, speaking evil of you:

5. Who shall give account to him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead.

6. For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit.

7. But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.

8. And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover a multitude of sins.

9. Use hospitality one to another without grudging.

10. As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.

11. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

A righteous cause never becomes old. The word 'temperance' has become tiresome to some—perhaps it has been so to many for generations—yet there was never so much intelligent attention given the work as now. The Sunday-school teacher may look forward with small interest to the quarterly temperance lesson, but he must remember that, to the rising generation, it is a new and important question, and, moreover, many a boy is dependent upon his Sunday-school teaching for practically all the temperance training he receives.

In the present lesson we turn again to the New Testament, the passage selected being in I. Peter. The Apostle is writing from Babylon to the Christians 'scattered' in various places in Asia Minor.

Read the entire epistle, in order better to comprehend the things spoken of in this lesson. We will take up the lesson by verses.

LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1, 2. 'Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind,' etc. Peter has just been showing how Christ suffered for us, and that we should be willing to endure evil patiently as did he. 'He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin.' That is to say, when one is willing to suffer for his principles and does suffer for them, crucifying his fleshly lusts, he ceases from sin, while the man who persists in indulging natural appetite remains in sin.

Perhaps additional light will be thrown on this verse by comparing Galatians v., 22-25, 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.'

3. 'For the time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles,' etc. This is a verse of sad memories, yet full of hope. What a list of ugly sins it contains! An impure, beastly life is summed up in it. Yet, what a hope is contained in the thought that we may escape from all these things, and become men and women of pure and noble thoughts and lives! 'The Gentiles' are used here to describe idolaters in general, for, at the time this epistle was written, the Gentile world was just beginning to hear the Gospel.

4. 'Wherein they think it strange that ye run not with them,' etc. This verse has a wonderfully familiar sound to the young convert. How very hard it is for the worldling to comprehend the life of the Christian and his reasons for refusing to do things that, while not absolutely wrong in themselves, have a tendency in that direction! It is not strange that those who do take their stand for principle are belittled and held up to ridicule, as the latter part of the verse shows.

5. 'Who shall give an account to him that is ready to judge,' etc. 'Who' refers to the worldly class just referred to. They may enjoy their wine and their excesses now, and may revile and make sport of those who refuse to participate in these things, but God is going to hold them to account for these things. 'The quick and the dead.' Whether one is living when Christ comes, or has died before, he cannot escape. A reckless but characteristic couplet in a drinking place ran:

'Enjoy yourself while you have breath,
There is no drinking after death.'

But the bitter dregs of the cup will be drunk after the judgment, nevertheless.

6. For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead,' etc. This Gospel, this duty of men to refuse to yield to the lusts of the flesh, was preached to generations of men not now living in order that they might forsake their evil deeds. They would be judged by men, as has been referred to in verse 4, but in their spiritual life, as God saw it, they would be meeting his approbation.

7. 'But the end of all things is at hand,' etc. The Apostle refers to the fact that the next great event in the world's history will be the return of our Lord, who will close the old order of things upon this earth, and set up his own glorious kingdom. None knew when this event would take place, as no one knows it to-day, but we are living in the last time, or age, before that great event. It is especially necessary that the Christian should be sober, watchful, prayerful—ready for his Master's return at any time.

'For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now there are many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time.' I. John ii., 16-18.

8. 'And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves,' etc. Charity, or better, love, is the most striking virtue that the Christian can exhibit to the world. The world demands that men shall be honest and not interfere with each other's rights, but Christian love takes up the case where the world lays it down, and bids us do things not merely out of respect for the rights of others, but out of real concern for their happiness and welfare. We must not be content not to trample upon another's rights, we must be ready to yield our own for the sake of peace and the good of others. Such love covers 'a multitude of sins.' It does not conceal them that they may escape punishment or be forgotten and unforgiven, but it covers them with loving correction and pardon.

9. 'Use hospitality one to another without grudging,' etc. This is carrying out the idea of charity or love just referred to. Hospitality does not mean merely the entertaining of our friends, but the opening of hearts and homes to all who need sympathy and comfort.

10. 'As every man hath received the gift,' etc. We are not to dole out a stipulated sum, but to devote ourselves to the kindly care of all whom we may help. In this we are not to act as though any riches or possessions we may have were strictly our own, but rather as though we were stewards of the good things given of God.

11. 'If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God,' etc. This is further carrying out the idea of verse 10. We are not only to act as stewards of God, but to speak and do for his glory.

A life conducted upon the principles here laid down will be as far as possible removed from intemperance. It will be unselfish and pure, while the intemperate is just the opposite.

Next week we have the quarterly review. Read Psalms viii., xix., xxvii.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Sept. 20.—Topic—Why and how we should bear witness for Christ. Acts v., 27-32.

Junior C. E. Topic

DO NOT SWEAR.

Monday, Sept. 14.—Swear not at all. Jas. v., 12.
Tuesday, Sept. 15.—False swearing. Lev. xix., 12.
Wednesday, Sept. 16.—Sins of the tongue. Jas. iii., 5, 6.
Thursday, Sept. 17.—Profane babbling. Tim. ii., 16.
Friday, Sept. 18.—Pure words. Ps. xii., 6.
Saturday, Sept. 19.—Pure hearts. Matt. v., 8.
Sunday, Sept. 20.—Topic—What Jesus taught about swearing. Matt. v., 33-37; xii., 36, 37.

The teacher is to know his pupils as to their likes and dislikes; as to their environment and manner of life; as to their habits and personal experiences. And possessing this knowledge, he is to introduce and illustrate his lesson by and connect it with the native interests thus disclosed. In doing thus the teacher will surely find exercise for all the tact and ingenuity that he possesses. This is, as it seems to me, the hardest part of lesson preparation. To master the facts of a lesson is a comparatively easy process: to discover the points of connection between a lesson and the pupil's native interests, that shall secure his interest in and appropriation of the lesson; to weave the new into the old in an attractive and inseparable way is generally more difficult. And because many teachers never attempt to do the latter at all, they are always dull and prosy; their teaching is always 'up in the air,' and the impression is as when a child beholds the Milky Way.—James Edmunds.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Temperance

McCann's License.

(William Bittenhouse, in 'Wellspring.)

(Concluded.)

But, alas for poor Fred! when he found himself in the pretty, homelike Carson parlor, with Clara's charming face before him, that charming face was anything but serene.

'Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Brent,' she cried. 'Father has been laughing at me, because I said I would consult a lawyer, and find out what the law was about it. It is just too dreadful. I never knew about such things before, and it seems as if they could be stopped! You're a lawyer, and I'm sure you can tell me how to stop them!'

'Stop what, Miss Clara?' said Fred, quite overcome by this torrent of words.

'Why, saloons!' said Miss Carson. The word rang in Brent's ears like a teasing fate. Was he to be worried all day about saloons, and then meet them here to spoil his evening? His brow clouded in spite of himself, and Clara saw it.

'I did think you'd help,' she cried, in a thoroughly disappointed tone. 'I know you never touch wine yourself, and I thought'—

Fred roused himself at her disappointment. 'I will help if I can,' he said, 'only I—I've been bothered about the same subject to-day, and'—

'Oh, then you can sympathise with me all the better,' said Miss Carson, looking relieved. 'Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it from the beginning.'

'Do,' said Fred. 'You see, as a lawyer, I have to know the whole case before I can make a brief.' It was pleasant to be appealed to thus, he felt, no matter what the subject.

'Well,' said Clara, looking straight at him with frank, brown eyes, 'you know I don't touch wine, either. At least, I used to, not longer ago than six weeks, but I'm never, never, going to do it again. I'm going to follow your example—though, really, that didn't have anything to do with it,' laughing.

'I'm sorry,' said Fred, with mock gravity, 'that I was not the one to convert you.'

'You couldn't,' she said, reflectively, 'because—because you hadn't any real feeling about it. You don't take wine because it would interfere with what you choose for yourself to be. But you don't care whether anyone else in the world takes it or not. It's convenience, not conscience.'

Fred winced at her girlish insight—an insight which was unsparingly correct, as he recognized. 'I suppose yours is conscience, then,' he replied, rather sarcastically.

'Oh,' said Clara, flushing deeper, 'I oughtn't to have said that to you. It sounded rude, and I'm sorry. I'm so upset, anyway, that you will excuse me, I know. The reason why I'm upset is—you know I have a class of boys in Sunday-school?' she broke off into a question, and Fred nodded. 'Well, the oldest one lost his work the other day, and his mother is a widow, and they are poor, so I tried to get him some more work. He looks very young, because he's so small for his age but he's seventeen, and, do you know, I found out that the reason he lost his work was that he—drank! That boy! I couldn't believe it. But it seems he used to drive a milk waggon, when he was only fourteen, and on cold winter mornings at the saloons where he served milk, the saloon-keepers used to give him a hot drink, and he hadn't sense enough to refuse it, for they meant it kindly, of course, and so he got into the habit of taking it, and now he's getting worse and worse. The hardest thing about it is that he wants to stop now, but he just can't. You see, there are so many saloons that they all can't make profits unless they sell to everybody—boys, and drunkards, and all. So Bob—that's my boy's name—is tempted every day. When he goes by a saloon, the man will call out after him, or hold out a glassful of liquor to him. When I first talked to him, Bob said: "Miss Clara, you take it yourself, don't you? What harm is there in it?" That was a question that had to be answered. I came home, and thought about it—and I haven't needed to think twice, Mr. Brent. I'll never touch it again, and I told Bob so. Then he said he would give it up, and oh! he has tried—tried hard. He has tried hard to get work, too; but he loses it from drinking as fast as he gets it. This week he found a job down at those big works at the foot of Main street. But he says he knows he can't keep it, because there isn't one single way he can get to those works, even if he should go half a mile round, without passing at least three saloons. The shortest way home, through Wilson street,' Fred Brent stiffened and turned red, 'has four saloons in one block, and another man, McGann, applying for a license. Now what I want to know, Mr. Brent, is whether there isn't some legal way by which the saloons can be reached, and made to let a lad like that alone? Isn't there any other legal way by which some street can be kept clear—and, above all, isn't there some way in which five saloons in one block can be made impossible in a decent city? Aren't we, who are educated and sober and Christian, responsible at least that far for our weaker brethren? Can't we do something? I don't know what to do—I know I can give up ever touching wine again myself; and that I have done, but I want to do more, if I can. Can't you tell me something that can be done?'

Her eyes were full of tears; her earnestness was intense. Fred Brent got up, feeling more embarrassed than ever before in his life. 'Miss Carson,' he said, stiffly, 'I am the last person for you to appeal to. I am McGann's lawyer, and am in charge of the license application for the fifth saloon on that block.'

Clara sprang up, her tears gone, her face pale. For a moment Fred thought she was going to turn upon him in an indignation which he felt that he deserved; but, instead, her quick insight pierced through his words to his real thoughts.

'Ah, but you wish you were not McGann's lawyer! You are not the last person to appeal to, Mr. Brent; you are just the right one. I'm so glad I happened to ask you!'

Fred caught his breath. 'Don't ask me anything more, please, Miss Carson. I must think it out. When I have thought it out'—

'You can help me all the better,' said Clara, softly. 'I shall expect you to think as hard as you can—and help as much as you can.' And Fred carried away with him the memory of a warm hand clasp, and brown eyes that shone like stars.

But McGann could not understand the situation as well as Miss Carson did, when, next week, Brent returned him his retainer, and refused to carry his application further. ''Tis a hard thing to have it thrown back on an honest, dacent man's hands as if he were a thafe,' he said, wonderingly, to his barkeeper. 'I've got another lawyer, but he says things is that stirred up that the license'll never go through. They kape sayin' that five saloons in a block is too many. Times is changin', Michael. They'll be sayin' that two in a block is too many, soon. I hear they do be afther t'achin' temperance in the public schools—and me payin' taxes all these years! 'Tis not the land of liberty it used to be,' and McGann sadly shook his respectable head.

The effect of cigarette smoking on the young and undeveloped system is certainly most injurious, not only affecting the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and lungs, but also having its most injurious effect on the nerve centres.—Dr. Lambly of Cookshire.

A Good Pledge.

Whoever wrote it called it, 'My little boy's pledge;' but it is equally good for big folks, and we wish you would take it and keep it, relying on divine aid. Will you?

'Three things there are I'll never do:
I'll never drink, nor smoke, nor chew:
I ne'er shall form an appetite
For whiskey, beer, cigar or pipe:
No alcohol or nicotine
Around my person shall be seen.

'Of three things more I will beware:
I'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear,
I'll speak the truth to every one;
What is not mine I'll let alone.
My lips I pledge shall ever be
From naughty oaths and bywords free.
From these six things I will forbear:
I'll never drink,
Nor smoke,
Nor chew,
Nor lie,
Nor steal,
Nor swear.'

'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'—Phil. iv., 13.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of August 29, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Striking Parallel—Montreal and New York—The 'Nation,' New York.
The Great Inquest, IV., Preferential Tariffs—By A. C. Pigou, in the 'Pilot,' London
The New Pope—T.P., in 'M. A. P., London.
The Panama Canal—By Archibald R. Colquhoun, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Two Yellow Perils—The Latest News from Pekin—The 'Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Florentine Art—Its History in the Drawings of the Masters—'The Tribune,' New York.
'Must we Lose the True Negro Music?'—Extracts from an article by Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy, in the 'Independent,' New York.
Marlowe's 'Edward II.' at Oxford—Special Correspondence of the Manchester 'Guardian.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Love's Philosophy—Percy Bysshe Shelley.
Petrarch—By John Swinnerton Phillimore, in the 'Spectator.'
Old Haunts and a New Face—By A. L. Lilley, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Mr. Charles Booth's Final Volume—The 'Spectator,' London.
Poets of the French Renaissance—Ronsard—H. Belloc, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Mr. Neil Munro and Another—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
A Great Democrat—G.K.C., in the 'Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Liberal Movement in the Church of England—Extract from article by the Rev. J. Verschoyle, in the 'Contemporary Review,' London.
The School of Journalism—New York Papers.
Education and Journalism—New York 'Evening Post.'
Procellaria Pelagica—F. T. Bullen, in the 'Spectator,' London.'
The Study of Nature—Plans of the Movement in Modern Education—By Prof. L. H. Bailey, Cornell University, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
Dishonorary Degrees—By Prof. W. LeC. Stevens, in the 'Popular Science Monthly.'
An Enemy of the Sponge Fishers—'Revue Scientifique.'

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Correspondence

SUCCESSFUL 'SEARCHERS.' FIRST LIST.

Ruth Mulholland, 14 years; K. Brown, 16 years; Sophie Barbour, 11 years; Roy MacHardy, 13 years; Lulu Arkett, 13 years; Myrton N. Johnson, 15 years; Cassie A. Kippen, 12 years.

Claremont, Cumb. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have found great pleasure in reading the stories in the 'Northern Messenger,' especially 'A Fight Against Odds.' I am also reading 'The Children of Assa,' in the 'Weekly Witness.' My father has taken the 'Witness' for eight years. I like the 'Boys and Girls' Page in the 'Messenger' best, and the 'Boys' Page' in the 'Witness.'

MYRTON N. J.

Mitchell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I am sending the texts which I have found, I thought I would write a letter. I think it is a very useful work for the boys and girls on Sunday afternoons, when they have Sunday-school in the morning. At our Sunday-school we have it in the afternoon, at three o'clock. I passed the entrance in June, but I am not going to the High School. We live five miles from Mitchell, and one mile from school. A creek runs through our farm, and on the bank there are a great many willows, and so our farm is called Willowbank. RUTH M. (age 14).

St. Clair Flats, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have lately been reading and have become very much interested in your Correspondence Page. My mother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' ever since she was a little girl. The paper was such a comfort to us, the whole family, my father, mother, brother and myself, when we were up in the northern wilds of Canada for the vacation. We stayed for a few weeks at a little lumbering village called Dunchurch. There were but three churches in this little town, an English church, a Methodist and Presbyterian church. We went to the Presbyterian twice, Methodist and English church each once.

After our dinner on Sundays we would wander over rocky fields and make our way through pine, spruce and cedar forests, and after finding a suitable resting place we would make soft beds of pine needles and spruce boughs, and then bring forth our 'Northern Messenger' and read aloud all the stories in it, and we all enjoyed our quiet, restful Sunday afternoons most of all. We are now at a summer resort, and there is no church near here, and the only Sabbath paper we have to read on Sundays is the 'Northern Messenger.' During the last year, on a bright, beautiful Sunday morning, a real little 'Northern Messenger' came to visit us. God had sent us his 'Northern Messenger.' The darling baby has grown to be a round, plump rosy boy a year old now, and he will soon be able to listen to the stories in the 'Northern Messenger.'

My home is in Detroit, but we spent our summer vacation at the Flats. I have never written for this paper before, but I will again soon. Your new friend,

'KITTY PUSS.'

Blyth.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy nine years old, and am studying in the junior third book. Mamma takes me to Sunday-school and church. My teacher's name is Miss McL. She gives me the 'Messenger' every Sunday, which I like to read. Our superintendent is Mr. E., and our minister is the Rev. Dr. McL. I spent a pleasant vacation visiting friends, and I went on an excursion to the 'Model Farm' at Guelph. The visitors received free dinners because it was given to them by the Government. Uncle took my brother and I around to see the plots, cattle, horses, pigs, etc., and we saw a banana tree and the bananas growing on it; also palm trees. I was at the Orange celebration, which was celebrated in Blyth in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne. A number of ministers gave short addresses. We had a picnic and went fishing, but caught no fish. I got a present of a cup and saucer with a picture on it which represents 'Victoria Park' at Kincardine. It is a beautiful souvenir. We had visitors from Buffalo, Detroit, Manitoba and Kincardine, a beautiful town on Lake Huron.

A. A. ERNEST. S.

Hants Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and as I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would like very much to write one myself. I go to school all the time, and like it very much. I am in the fourth reader. I have four brothers, one is six and the other is ten. They often tease me, and sometimes they pull my hair; but they love me all the same. My auntie was here from Boston, and my little cousin Ethel. She is six years old. We had lots of fun while she was here, and I miss her very much now she is gone away. We used to go out boating, and it was great fun. I go to Sunday-school all the time. I belong to the Methodist church; our minister is Mr. A. I collected over a dollar myself for the missionary society, and got a prize for it, a lovely book, called 'Teddy's Button.' I think it is a beauty. We have had eight weeks' holidays. I take the 'Messenger' all the time, and like reading it very much. I will write more next time.

EMILY PARSONS P.

Mulock, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have often intended to write to the 'Messenger,' but have never got started before. My brother gets the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence. My brother and sister tried the entrance, and both passed, but my sister got the most marks. I was the only one that passed in our class, and eight tried. I am in the third book now. Papa is a Baptist minister, and preaches here morning and evening. I was born in Nova Scotia, and have lived in quite a number of places. The names of them are Parrsboro, Nictaux, Berwick, Westport, Toronto, Stirling, and now Mulock. The nearest town to us is Durham, and there is a large cement factory there. There is a village about two miles and a half from here. My brother has a pet pigeon, and expects to have two more. This is the first time I ever lived in the country, the other places being either a city or town. I like living here very much. There is just a driveway between this house and the church, and the schoolhouse is just across the road, so we have not too far to go to Sunday-school, church or day-school.

ETTA M. P. (age 11).

Way's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—My grandpa gave my sister and I some money for a Christmas present, and we bought some books with it. Among them were 'Black Beauty,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Scrutiny Street,' 'Their Happiest Christmas,' 'Little Women' and 'Good Wives.' I have got some of the Elsie books for prizes. I went to Montreal two years ago, and was on the electric cars for the first time. I went up on Mount Royal. I also saw the Duke and Duchess of York three times, and altogether had a very nice time at Montreal. My brother has two sheep and two lambs, which are tame, and will eat out of my hand. I was ten years old the twenty-second of August.

MILDRED B.

Henderson Vale.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, and have nine cows and five horses. This summer has been very dry, and there have been great bush fires all around us, so the air was filled with smoke, giving the sky a curious appearance, and making it so dark that one day people lit the lamps at five o'clock. I go to school, and I am in the fifth reader. I go to Sunday-school. There are a good many hills around here. We are fifteen miles from a railway. We keep the post-office. I have two brothers and one sister. My oldest brother drives the mail. We take the 'Messenger,' and think it is very nice. We have taken it for a long time. I am eleven years old, my birthday being on November seventh.

BERTHA H.

Upper Port La Tour, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and think it a nice little paper. As I did not see any correspondence from this place I thought I would write a letter. Our house is on a hill, so we have a good view. We can see three churches, as well as the Methodist parsonage, Temperance Hall, and school-house. I go to the Methodist church, to the Epworth League, White Ribbon Army, Mission Band, the Sunday-school and the day-school. I am in the seventh grade, my studies being geography, reading, health reader and Canadian history. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on the twenty-seventh of April.

N. M.

Fennville, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' six or seven years, and I have only written one letter before this, so I think it is about time I was writing another one. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I live near the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. I have a bicycle with a mile gauge on it. It registered six hundred and eighty miles for this summer. I would like to see Clifford Lang's name in the correspondence.

RUSSELL K. (age 13).

Rolling Dam, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As it has been a long time since I have written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write again. My little brother takes the 'Messenger' now. I go to school. We have had a new schoolhouse built, and it is just fine. I study a number of lessons at school, and I take music lessons also. I like reading, and have read a number of different books, some of which are as follows: 'The Girl of '76,' 'The Wrestler of Phillipi,' 'Darkness and Daylight,' 'St. Elmo,' 'Thelma,' 'Ione,' and a number of others. Now I think I will bring my letter to a close, wishing the 'Messenger' and its readers every success.

CLARA McC.

Mail Bag.

Maxville, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in writing, telling you I have received the Bible, and I think I have been well paid for my work. Thanking you very much, I remain, yours truly,

VIOLET E. McDOUGALL.

81 Brissoe St., London.

Messrs. J. Dougall & Son,
Publishers, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—The Bible arrived all right, and we were all very much pleased with it. Three years ago last December I sent ten subscriptions at twenty-five cents each and received a large Bible, of such good value, that I was encouraged by your last offer, and with the same good result, sent the five subscriptions.

We have received the 'Messenger' at the Knox Presbyterian Sunday-school for several years now, and cannot speak too highly of it. There is something for everyone in it. The Correspondence is very interesting, and I have often thought I would like to send a letter, but have not done so yet. With best wishes for your future success, I am, yours truly,

M. VICTORIA C. JOHNSTON.

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HOUSEHOLD.

What an Old Housekeeper Says.

'Yes, it is sometimes hard work to get the cooking and washing and ironing done, but I have found it a good plan not to be too systematic. I learned from an old Welsh friend years ago, that one might do a great deal in the early morning, and then take the rest of the day more at her ease.'

'Yes, Molly,' said Cousin Kitty, 'one may if she live alone, but suppose one has several hungry hired men, who want three big meals a day. What may she do to lighten her burden?'

'The problem is beyond me,' frankly answered Molly; 'but this I will say, no woman should be compelled to do all the indoor work with her own hands, when her husband is employing the help of several hired men. It isn't fair. Women do have the very heaviest end.'

'Well, sometimes there is a mortgage, and the wife wants it lifted as much as the husband does.'

'That may be, but he needn't kill her in order to pay for it.'

'Well, I am a believer in system. Yet you are, or were, an old-fashioned housekeeper. Dear, dear.'

'I am, and I was in the past, a thorough and fastidious housewife,' said the first speaker; 'but I know now that the life is more than meat. I shall not be able to do much for my growing boys and girls when I am lying with folded hands in the churchyard. I'd rather live, if I can, until they are grown up. I shall be a better comrade to my husband if I hold him up to an endeavor to take care of me, as well as of the crops and the cows and the horses. I am learning how to take care of my physical life, a thing many a woman of forty-five ignores, and, because of her ignoring, either drifts into invalidism or dies. Don't work so hard, cousin. Take a hint from me, and save your energy for another day.'—'Christian Herald.'

Selected Recipes

Hominy Cakes.—Boil two cups of fine hominy very soft, stir in a tablespoon of butter, and salt to taste; add an equal quantity of corn meal and three well-beaten eggs; beat well together; add a sufficient quantity of milk to make a thin batter. Bake on a griddle or in waffle-irons. One-quarter of a compressed yeast cake makes a good substitute for eggs. Let the batter stand an hour to rise.

Cottage Pudding.—One cupful of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one saltspoonful of salt, one egg. Mix the baking powder with the flour and sift them. Rub the butter and sugar together to a cream and beat into it the egg; then add the milk, in which the salt has been dissolved. Add the flour, beat well together and turn into a cake tin having a tube in the centre. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Turn it on to a flat dish. Serve with a chocolate sauce. Put a half cupful each of sugar and water in a saucepan and let it boil five minutes. Let the syrup cool, then stir it slowly into four ounces of chocolate, melted; add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Let it stand in a pan of hot water until ready to serve, then add one-half cupful of cream or milk.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 82,486, Frank F. Belyea, St. John West, N.B., grain door; 82,551, Ernest Renaud, Montreal, Que., automatic railway signal; 82,564, William Thorp, Rat Portage, Ont., shingle cutting machine; 82,592, Messrs. Desjardins & Michaud, St. Pierre, Man., clothes-pin; 82,593, Messrs. Desjardins & Michaud, St. Pierre, Man., bed; 82,603, John H. Grimm, Montreal, Que., sap-spout; 82,630, Jas. Sutton Henderson, Parrsboro, N.S., larrigan.

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